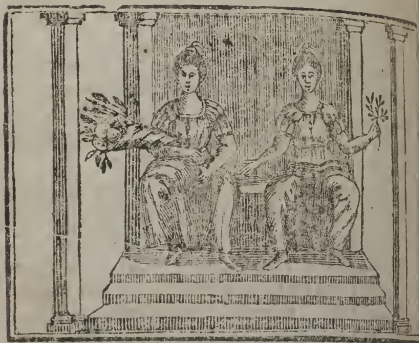


horn, filled with corn, and the choicest fruits, as fresh as if they had been just gathered.



He was hastening towards the throne, to receive the gifts which they seemed to offer him! but was suddenly stopped by a rude, fresh coloured man called *Industry*, who told him he had no business there, unless it was through his interest he got admittance; asking him at the same time, how he had provided for himself the ensuing winter? The suddenness of the question threw poor *Quarrell* into such confusion, that he stood speechless, which the other seeing, took him by the arm, thrust him out of the temple, and shut the

the doors with such violence, that he waked him.

The next morning he walked the land, which he found very level, with a delightful green grass, with trees of various sorts, shapes, and in some places clusters of lower branches being come to a certain point, applied to the earth for immurement. Crossing the island in this manner, he comes to a most delightful place, he saw many different sorts of fish, of various sizes, shapes and colours.

Going farther he came to a spacious wood, whose shades were made for the abode of peace and quietness. He found several pleasant walks, edged with lofty trees, as if for pleasure; others crooked and covered with a thick edge of ivy, which cast a most flagrant smell. There were several bushes and dwarf trees, which sheltered many different kinds of birds and fowls. Heaven make me know, that I am the inhabitant of this land!

Being hungry, and tired with his journey, he goes home, in order to get